The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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PRELUDE.

A few notes, half harmonious
And half discordant, subtly blent,
The master sounds and touches, thus
To test and try his instrument.

Not music's self, but its pressage,
Not tune, but hint of tune it is;
Of better things the pledge and gage,
And prized for what it promises.

Just so the sweet musician, Spring,
'Mid blowing winds and dropping rains,
Tightens and sounds each vagrant string
In odd, capricious, sudden strains.

It is not music she essays,
But just a hint of what shall be
When earth and sky and nights and days
Join in the summer harmony.

And do we dream, or is it true,
The grass so brown but yester-morn
Has caught a subtly greener hue
In sheltered corners of the lawn?

Can there be buds upon the hedge,
Wee, starry, pointless, half unrolled?
And were we blind to read the pledge
Writ in the willow's pencilled gold?

And is it fancy that there breathes
A vagrant perfume in the air,
A scent of freshly opened leaves?
There are no leaves yet anywhere.

Ah, dear Spring, stay thy flying feet!
Try all thy chords; play leisurely!
Though if thy preludes are so sweet,
What will the finished music be?

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE BLESSING OF WORK.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread" is the divine decree for man. The theologians tell us this is a curse; but look at the plain facts of human life, and you will find it to be the greatest of blessings, for labor is the law of the universe. The earth we dwell on is instinct with life, and presents a scene of varied and unceasing activity. The very clod thrills with germinal impulses, and from it arise myriads of living forms to take their place and part in the grand workshop of nature. The flowers of the field both toil and spin, and weave in silent industry their shining garments of praise. The animal world seeks its food or stores it for future consumption, while the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God, as, through their intermediate forms, the atom climbs upward to the angel. The human frame shares in this divine necessity for labor, as the tidal currents of life roll through its arteries, and keep up the incessant balance of waste and repair in our bodies. Yes, labor is the law of the universe. Our globe circles around her appointed pathway, and, together with all sums and systems, sweeps on, and ever on, through the measureless marches of eternity. Let man, therefore, with busy hand and active brain, fulfil his part in this great spectacle of labor. Let him say, with reverent understanding, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." This necessity for labor is the guaranty of human progress and human happiness. It has been wisely said that, if man were to secure his bread as easily as he obtains that other great necessary of life, water, we should be more likely to degenerate into brutes for the want

of something to do than to develop into philosophers from the possession of leisure. See how it demoralizes a man to be out of work for a season. He grows unhappy and morbid, and, with deteriorated *morale*, falls an easy victim to temptations of a lower kind. The most restless man is he who is not compelled to do something for his own support. Nervous, petty, and life-weary, he degenerates into a fidget and busybody, a nuisance to himself and to everybody else. "Treasures only impoverish an idle man, while exertion of itself enriches." For happiness is not a state of peaceful rest. It is a condition of harmonious activity. It is not a possession that you can acquire, and then passively enjoy the rest of your days. It is rather an incidental consequence, an accompanying result of your toil; and, when your labor ceases, your happiness ceases with it. Happiness is like the manna which the children of Israel gathered in the desert. It soon grows stale and unpalatable, and must be freshly gathered to satisfy the hunger of your soul. One great cause of unhappiness, then, is the want of something to do. It is the secret ailment of so many women, doomed to a semi-idleness by the false notions of female education still current in our day. It is the bane of so many young men of wealthy parentage or independent circumstances, who think it beneath them to do any honest, laborious work, and so become the victims of *ennui* and a selfish philosophy of life.

Therefore the first condition of happiness is something to do. We need it for the health of the body and for the harmony of the mind. Work earnestly and faithfully in your allotted place. It may not be an altogether congenial one to you. No sphere of labor is absolutely so. Each has its troubles and its trials. But, if you are devoted and industrious, you cannot fail to make it yield you some joy. The consciousness of doing your duty on earth, of earning the bread you eat, and being of some use to the world,—this is the beautiful reward of toil, and converts the hardest lot into a happy and holy experience.

If you are unhappy, therefore, work is one great remedy and restorative. Are you beset with doubts? Are you weighed down with sorrow? Do you question Providence, and mistrust the goodness of God? Are you given to self-analysis and morbid dissection of your own motives? Work, and forget your doubts and sorrows, your very self, in your labor. The same exhilaration which thrills your body after physical exercise will quicken and refresh your mind in equal fashion. If your daily vocation does not yield sufficient opportunity for this, add some other and outside duty to it. See that every moment be worthily occupied, and no time left for moody and morbid brooding. Work for others, to increase love and light among them. Work for the church, which should be your portal to the larger temple of human relations and heavenly hopes. Every one ought to have some interest outside his immediate vocation in life, even if it be only a hobby. And, if you are in doubt where to begin, take Carlyle's advice, and do the duty that lies nearest you. The others will already have become clearer.—*Extract from sermon by C. W. Wendte.*

THE STILL HOUR.

So search we, Lord, not for some rare,
  Far visions of thy face:
In present loves and joys and toils
  Let us thy presence trace,—
In brave contentions for the right,
  Forgivenesses of wrong,
The fears that hope, the tears that smile,
  Weak lives by faith made strong.

—*Denis Wortman.*

THOUGHTS FROM CHANNING.

In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be praised for our books!—*Self-culture.*

The great duty of God's children is to love one another. Nations are to love one another.—*The Duty of the Free States.*

To know God is to attain to the sublimest conception in the universe; to love God is to bind ourselves to a Being who is fitted as no other being is to penetrate and move our whole hearts.—*Great Purpose of Christianity.*

All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thoughts. To work effectually he must think clearly. To act nobly he must think nobly.—*Elevation of the Laboring Classes.*

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, and possesses itself though all be lost.—*Spiritual Freedom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

For the following books apply to Miss R. A. Sheldon, 219 Hope Street, Providence, Rhode Island: "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "Faith Gartney's Girlhood"; "Concise School History of the United States"; "The Study of Words," Trench; "Fifth Reader," Franklin; "Fifth Reader," Munroe; "Oriole Stories"; "The Task"; "Geological Story," J. D. Dana; "The School Wreath."

All Souls' Branch offer the following books. Address, Mrs. W. M. Cameron, 5 Sargent Street, Dorchester. Mass. "Second Lessons in Arithmetic," Wheeler; Dr. Smith's History of Rome; Hutchinson's "Physiology and Hygiene"; Hart's "Composition and Rhetoric" (2 copies, 1875 and 1899); Lockyer's "Elements of Astronomy"; Peirce, "Elements of Logarithms"; Berard's History of England; Barnes, "Brief History of the United States"; Munroe's "Sixth Reader"; Gray's "Structural and Systematic Botany"; Steele's "Popular Physics"; "The Academic Algebra," Bradbury and Emery.

German.

"Glück Auf," Müller and Wenckebach; "Im Zwielicht," Bernhardt; "Course of Scientific German," H. B. Hodges; "Drei kleine Lustspiele," Benjamin W. Wells.

Latin.

"Latin Grammar," Allen and Greenough; "Latin Reader," Andrews; "Easy Latin Lessons," Linsay and Rollins; "Latin Composition," Allen and Greenough; "First-year Latin," Collar and Daniell; "The New Gradatim," Collar; "Selections from Urbis Romæ Viri Illustres," B. L. D'Ooge.

French.

"French Exercises for Advanced Pupils," Chardenal; "Introductory Lessons to French Composition," F. Julien; "Class Book of French Composition," P. Blouët; "Selections for French Composition," C. H. Grandgent; "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (Molière), Francis Tarver; "Causeries avec mes Élèves," Lambert Sauveur; "Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas,'" Samuel Garner; "Art Poétique," Boileau; "Selections for Advanced Sight Reading," T. F. Colin; "Le Monde où l'on S'ennuie," Édouard Pailleron (with English notes by Alfred Hennequin); "Précis Historique et Chronologique de la Littérature Française," Alfred Bougeault.

Julia M. E. Hintermeister, 1231 Asbury Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, offers the following books: "A Progressive French Drill-book"; F. H. Hall, "Arithmetic Reader," for second grade; Ellen M. Cyr, "The Children's Third Reader"; Laura E. Richards, "Five-minute Stories," "Four Feet, Two Feet, and no Feet; or, Furry and Feathery Pets"; Blanche and Helen van Kuran, "Rainbow Rhymes," stories of Miss Helen's Kindergarten Spectrum; De Amicis, "The Heart of a Boy."

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

"The Friendships of Women"; "The Life that Now Is" (sermons), Robert Collyer; "Frederick the Great and his Court"; "Recollections of a Literary Life," Miss Mitford; "Snow-bound" (poetry), Whittier; "Up the Rhine," T. Hood; "Elements of Physiology," Loomis; "The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney"; Gray's "Botany"; "Favorite Authors"; Wilson's "Tales of the Borders"; "Monday Chats," Sainte-Beuve; "Reason in Religion," Hedge; "Life of James Freeman Clarke," E. E. Hale; "Bits of Travel," H. H.; "Nature and Life" (sermons), Robert Collyer; "Kavanagh," Longfellow; "Picciola"; "Life of Mendelssohn"; "Fifty Famous Stories retold," juvenile; "The Children's Bible Picture Book"; "Blanche Ellerslie's Ending"; "Ten Little Comedies"; "Little Men," Louisa Alcott; "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Red Rose and Tiger Lily"; "Nature Stories for Young Readers"; "Grandmother Lee's Portfolio"; "Five Little Peppers" (4 volumes); "The Printer Boy; or, How Ben Franklin made his Mark"; "We Girls," Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Spectacles for Young Eyes" (3 volumes, Zürich, Moscow, and Rome); "Wild Roses of Cape Ann" (poems), Lucy Larcom.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by not-

ing the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I am a boy with very meagre financial means, trying to spend some time in college in preparation for the ministry. As I can scarcely equip myself with the necessary books for my course, I would be very grateful indeed for "The Training of the Twelve," by A. B. Bruce, and any other religious reading matter. Thanking you in advance for any assistance you may render me in this line, W. A. Hough, Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, Wake County, North Carolina.

2. I would be pleased to receive such reading matter as you wish to distribute. L. Benton, Finlay, Texas.

3. It has been quite a while since I heard from my Cheerful Letter friends. I hope they have not forgotten me and will write to me again. Please send me some good reading to pass away the winter days which are so long and lonesome away over here near the large, blue mountains. Edgar wishes some one would send him a first speller. Mrs. Albert Owen, Danbury, Stokes County, North Carolina.

4. Mrs. W. C. Murphy, Chester Hill, Ohio, would like "Passage Perilous," by R. Carey.

5. I shall be very thankful for any kind of reading matter for my children, and I thank all the kind Cheerful Letter people for the reading matter I have already received. Mrs. M. E. Hasting, Olga, Texas.

6. I know a poor woman who has a cancer and cannot hope to live long; also another who is fond of reading, but has a large family and is too poor to buy books. I wish to thank the kind friend for papers sent me some time ago. I enjoyed them very much, and have passed the most of them to others. I would be thankful for books or papers of any kind and will gladly give or lend any reading sent me. (Miss) Mary C. Preston, Bristol, R. F. D. No. 1, Tennessee.

7. Mrs. Mary J. Brown, Heareford, North Carolina, will be grateful for a dictionary.

8. I am a poor boy working my way through school, and hear that you give books to such boys. I should like very much to have Matthew Henry's "Commentary on the Bible," and any other good books you send me will be highly appreciated. J. N. Spaulding, Wake Forest, North Carolina.

9. Miss Agnes L, Black, Fort McKavett, Texas, very much needs "Elements of English Composition."

10. Mrs. A. L. Perry, Correctionville, Iowa, will be very glad to have children's story-books.

11. Mrs. Mollie Abbiati, Mt. Airy, North Carolina, a widow with three small children, will be glad of any light reading.

12. Mrs. Nellie D. Robinson, South West Harbor, Maine, will be glad of magazines and papers.

13. I want to thank you for the nice reading matter and letters I have received, and hope to be kindly remembered this happy new year. Would be pleased if any one having Christie's "Old Organ," "Bible Stories," children's picture books, would send them to me. Will pass on reading to others. Address Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, Stokes County, R. F. D. No. 1, North Carolina.

14. Mrs. M. L. Stricklin, Waco, Texas, will be glad of any reading.

15. J. W. Whitley, Jr., Wake Forest, North Carolina, a young man striving for an education, desires good reading matter.

16. Mrs. Mary E. Latham, 1323 10th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., who is employed all day, and leading a very quiet, lonely life, being a stranger to almost every one, would find a world of enjoyment in some good books or magazines.

17. Mrs. M. F. Thomas, Olive Branch, North Carolina, asks for Holmes's "Fourth Reader," "Spelling-book," and "Geography."

18. Mrs. Lillie Satterfield, Mt. Airy, North Carolina, asks for *Delineator* for 1905.

19. Mrs. L. N. Brown, 711 Maine Street, Salisbury, North Carolina, will be grateful to receive New York *Saturday Evening Post.*

20. The 1905 *Century* is asked for by Mary Pauline Tinsley, Forest Home, Albert, Virginia.

21. Mrs. Cattie Kendrick, Stuart, Virginia, will be glad of light reading.

22. Miss Ethel Bishop, Stuart, Virginia, asks for "Old Curiosity Shop."

23. Mrs. Nancy Brown, Verano, Virginia, is confined to the house by poor health, and will be glad of light reading and pictures.

24. Mrs. J. L. Bennett, Wingate, North Carolina, would like pictures for her little four-year-old girl.

25. I am a young housekeeper, and my health is bad,—has been bad for the last four years. I enjoy good reading. I would like to get a spelling-book for an orphan girl that stays with me. She cannot read or write, and I would like to teach her if I had a book. Mrs. W. G. Church, Brier Creek, North Carolina.

26. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Society over a year, and would be very glad to have a Bible. I enjoy reading very much. (Mr.) R. P. Howard, Efirds' Mills, North Carolina.

(A Bible has been sent.)

27. It has been a long time since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*, but we have received it and enjoy the good reading and the nice letters received from my correspondents. I would like to have others. I would be very glad to receive an organ instructor for my little girl, also a history of England. We will be glad to receive any books or magazines. I would be so glad to get "Uncle Remus" for my little boys. I have nine children, and all but two love to read. Mrs. R. E. Duvall, Locust Grove, Virginia.

28. I wish to thank one and all for good reading that has been sent me in years past, and every piece has been held sacred and passed on. In that way my enjoyment was trebled. I would like an atlas and dictionary. Mrs. D. D. Jayne, 143 Lincoln Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

29. Cora B. Taylor, Delhi, New York, will be glad of reading.

30. Mrs. C. L. Knight, Hollow Springs, Tennessee, asks for any reading.

31. Magazines will be acceptable to Mrs. Louisa Steward, Cherry Creek, New York.

32. Would you kindly ask, through the columns of *The Cheerful Letter*, if there are any who might send me any of George Eliot's books, also any of Hawthorne's works except "The Scarlet Letter"? I have almost entirely lost my hearing and must of necessity find my pleasure and benefit in reading. Mrs. Minnie Gest, Morrow, Ohio.

33. Mrs. L. M. Sheffield, Stoneville, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 3, writes: "We live on rented land, nine miles from the railroad, and no school near enough for the children to attend. I am anxious to educate them, and ask for any help you can give me. Have three boys,—the oldest, seven years; the baby, a girl of six months.

34. Luma Haynie, Winder, Georgia, twelve years old, asks for drawing-books, picture books, or any fairy tales.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Henry I. Hinckley, from Edwall to Waukon, Washington, R. F. D. No. 1.

Miss Alice Rogers, from Allwood to Sandidges, Amherst County, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 2.

Mrs. Sallie Walting, from Glade Creek to Pikeville, Tennessee.

Mrs. Annie S. P. Armistead, from Farmville to 616 Henry Street, Roanoke, Virginia.

Miss Ruie Peebles is now Mrs. R. P. Schofield, Chesterhill, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Steele is now at Long Island, Kansas, R. F. D. No. 3.

Miss Alberta Strauman has moved to Maryburg, Minnesota.

Hannah Lucas, from Reading, Kansas, to Red Lodge, Montana.

Miss Huldah Hunter is now Garden City, McDowell County, North Carolina.

Mrs. Albert Owen, from Critz, Virginia, to Danbury, Stokes County, North Carolina.

Mrs. M. E. Hasting, from Sanco, Texas, to Olga, Texas.

Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, from Watkinsville to Campbell, Stokes County, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CORRECTING FAULTS.

How Not to do It.

Mary Osborne was an excellent Sunday-school teacher. In learning to be a good Sunday-school teacher, she took her first lesson a long time before she began to teach. It happened thus:—

It was when she was about twelve years old, and she was away from home at a boarding-school. One of her best friends at the time was a girl of about the same age with herself, named Augustina.

[The story relates how Mary and her friend went out to walk, and happened to sit down to rest near a pond where two boys were pelting frogs with stones.]

Mary Osborne and Augustina sat together behind the screen of rocks and bushes, and peeped out to the place where the two boys, George and Johnny, were standing near the shore of the pond, prepared to pelt the frogs with stones. The boys had each collected a little pile of stones as a store of ammunition, and now they stood, each armed with one of the stones, all ready to throw it so soon as a frog should appear.

"Tubh!" said one of the frogs.

"There!" exclaimed George, "don't you hear him, Johnny?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, "but I don't see him."

"He is out that way," said George. And then suddenly he threw the stone with great force. The two girls heard the splash it made in the water, but could not see where it struck.

"Did you hit him?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know," said George. "I did not see him: I only fired at a venture."

"They are pelting the frogs," said Augustina, in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Mary Osborne, speaking also very softly. "Do you think we had better go and tell them they must not do it?"

"No," said Augustina. "That would not do any good. They are such big boys. They will do just as they have a mind to for all that we can say."

"One of them is not very big," said Mary Osborne.

"No, Johnny is a small boy," replied Augustina; "but he will do just as the big one says. Besides, if we say anything to them, it is as likely as not that they will begin to pelt us with their stones. But, hark! Here is somebody coming."

Augustina began gently to push away some of the leaves, so that she could see better.

"It is a man coming on a horse," said she. "He is turning down from the road. He is coming to water his horse. I hope he will find out what the boys are doing, and will give them a good scolding."

The man upon the horse did find out what the boys were doing; for George was in the act of throwing a stone when the man first came in sight of him as he turned down toward the beach. And he did give them a good scolding,—at least what the boys called such,—although the man himself considered that he was only reasoning and expostulating with them on the wickedness of their conduct in tormenting harmless animals merely for sport. He told them that it was the duty of all persons, boys as well as men, to promote enjoyment in the world, and not suffering; that God had made the inferior animals subject to man, not that he might tyrannize over them and torment them, but rather that he might protect them in their enjoyments; and that we ought never to molest any animals except when they were injurious to us, or could be made in some way to subserve the welfare and happiness of man, who, being a creature of a much higher nature than they, was entitled to make use of them when it was necessary to do so; but that he had no right wantonly to torment them or inflict pain with no useful purpose.

He said, moreover, that God, who watched them all the time, whatever they were doing, would be greatly displeased with them for tormenting any of his innocent creatures.

The boys stood still, looking off sullenly over the pond while the man was talking to them, taking what he said simply as a scolding. It was not in fact a scolding at all. The man was very quiet and gentle in his manner, and did not find any fault at all directly for what they had done. He only reasoned with them on the nature of such conduct, and attempted to convince them by sound arguments that they ought not to do so.

What he said, moreover, though, as will presently appear, it produced no immediate effect, was still well calculated to do the boys good in the end. It made an impression upon their minds which, though it was fruitless for the time, they could not easily remove, and tended in the end, by conspiring with other good influences brought to bear

upon them at various times and in various ways, to make them two very good boys.

All the time, while the man had been talking with the boys, his horse had been drinking. The horse having now drank enough, the man turned him round and went back toward the road, saying as he went,—

"Now, remember, boys, when I am gone, leave the frogs alone, and don't pelt them any more."

So saying, the man and the horse disappeared.

"Who is that man?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know," said George, looking out at the same time over the water to see if he could discover another frog. "Whoever he is, we won't mind what he says."

Just at that instant George caught sight of a frog, and immediately he threw his stone with all his force.

"My!" he ejaculated, "I came within an inch of him. I took aim right between his eyes. That's the way to take aim—right between the eyes."

The boys evincing thus a disposition to go on pelting the frogs, Mary Osborne was very much inclined to go out and try the effect of her remonstrances upon them. But Augustina dissuaded her from any such attempt.

"You may depend upon it," she said, speaking in a whisper, "that they will not mind anything that we can say."—*Jacob Abbott, in "Mary Osborne."*

(*To be continued.*)

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Sir Robert Peel saw, or thought he saw, a way out of the difficulty connected with Lord Ashley's factory measures. It is referred to in the following entry:—

"*April* 17.—London. Well, what next? Can I believe my ears? Old Bonham* informed me (stating, while he did so, that it was almost a breach of confidence, inasmuch as no hint of any sort or kind was to be given) that Peel had determined to offer me the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, with almost unlimited powers, in respect especially of the Church. It came out very naturally, arising from a conversation in which we were engaged, he lamenting that my position rendered office impossible, and that such a state of things was a loss to government in general. Peel, he said, had told him, and Graham confirmed it, that not one in the kingdom could effect such good in Ireland: no one but myself could grapple with the landlords and the prelates and maintain, against influence, the rights of the working clergy. He had, he added, done wrong in mentioning it: it might have the appearance of wishing to abate opposition by such an offer. He trusted to my saying nothing. No one but himself, Peel, and Graham had any idea of the scheme. I listened in silence and astonishment,—a little gratified, *but not at all in doubt.* I quite admitted that I could probably do more with the Irish clergy than most men at present. I said no more. He argued and somewhat urged. Silent, not offended, not puffed up, not beguiled, fully resolved never to do or accept anything, however pressed by the strong claims of public necessity and public usefulness, which should, in the least degree limit my opportunity or control my free action in respect of the Ten Hours Bill. Peel had told him that he would not even breathe the subject until after the Factory Bill had been disposed of. God give me a right judgment in all things! O God, grant that I may never be seduced by any worldly motive to abandon truth and mercy and justice! Keep me from all specious patriotism, and alike from all fear of man's reproach. . . .

"April 22.—One thing now perplexes and annoys me. I perceive, or fancy that I perceive, within the last few months a great diminution of intellectual power. I have no energy, no command. If I attempt to speak, my utterance is unsteady. I have no flow of ideas, and not much more of language. I feel no confidence, no hope, no satisfaction. I positively dread the necessity of presenting even a petition. I never open my lips without a prayer to God, and yet I tremble at the duty. All this adds greatly to my sorrow."

The adjourned debate was resumed on Monday, May 13. It was evident that the great Parliamentary struggle upon the subject was approaching its end, the fate of the ministry was trembling in the balance.

Among the speakers was Mr. John Bright, who again gave the hottest opposition, while Mr. Macaulay, who had hitherto voted against all legislation on the subject, now declared himself in favor of the Ten Hours Bill, and supported it in one of his brilliant orations. But the case was doomed when Sir Robert Peel, having addressed the House for upward of two hours, concluded by say-

*Bonham was "whip"

ing, "I know not what the result may be this night; but this I do know, that I shall with a safe conscience, if the result be unfavorable to my views, retire with perfect satisfaction into a private station, wishing well to the result of your legislation."

This was decisive. In the face of such a contingency there were many who felt they could not do otherwise than vote against the measure they approved, in support of a ministry whose malevolent action in threatening to break up the administration, unless the House of Commons rescinded the vote it had given in favor of the Ten Hours Bill, they disapproved. On the question being put, the House divided, ayes, 159, noes, 297; majority against Lord Ashley's amendment, 138.

It was a crushing defeat; but it was evident to all the friends of the movement that the future triumph could not much longer be delayed, and Lord Ashley left the House, reiterating his determination to renew the subject at an early date.

"*May* 14.—Last night defeated—utterly, singularly, prodigiously defeated by a majority of 138! The House seemed aghast, perplexed, astounded! No one could say how, why, and almost *when*. It seemed that 35 or 40 was the highest majority expected. Such is the power and such the exercise of ministerial influence! . . .

"*May* 16.—Dined last night at the lord mayor's feast. Found much sympathy, as I do everywhere. This great majority far better for the question than one of, say, 25. It proves that there was no division *against the principle*, but one to save the Ministry: it begets, too, a high reaction. Called on to return thanks for the House of Commons. Did so; but expressed slight surprise that *I* should have been summoned to *that* duty at that particular moment, adding, however, that the House 'consisted of a body of gentlemen who would, on all occasions, do what they (here was charity!) considered to be their duty.' Well received. Peel and Graham tried to make fair weather with me afterward. Did not rebuff them, though I could not *feel* either friendship or esteem.

"'Cast down, but not destroyed.' I feel no abatement of faith, no sinking of hope, no relaxation of perseverance. The stillest and darkest hour of the night just precedes the dawn. 'Though it tarry, wait for it,' believing that God sends you a trial, and yet bears you up with a corresponding courage; and, although you may not pass the stream of Jordan, it is something that God has permitted you to wash your feet in the waters of the promised land."

Although, as we have said, there was little to be done for the present in regard to the Ten Hours Bill, Lord Ashley's attention was much engaged upon a kindred subject, the Report of the Children's Employment Commission, for which he had moved in the year 1840, and especially on the state of the Calico Print Works. The lives of the poor wretched children who were engaged in this branch of industry were made miserable by reason of their cruel bondage. Employment began generally at from seven to nine years of age, although there were cases known of children beginning to work at three or four years old. The hours were always long, lasting, for young girls, as well as for adults, from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, amid circumstances and conditions that were fearfully injurious to health. The rooms in which the work was carried on were hot and unhealthy, and in the "singeing-room" the air was always full of small burnt particles, which irritated the eyes intolerably, so that all the children were more or less affected with inflammation and other diseases of the eyes. The nature of their work was distressing, as it required unremitting attention. Their arms they had to keep in a continual rotatory motion, and they were upon their feet the whole time they were at work. The wages of these poor children were extremely low, their education was totally neglected, and they were being ruined in body and soul by their long hours of labor, often protracted far into the night. Altogether, the young calico printers seemed to be about the most miserable class of workers to be found in the industrial population.

On February the 4th Parliament was opened by the queen in person, and on the 5th Lord Ashley gave his notices, and obtained by ballot precedence for his motion respecting children occupied in print-works. The interval, as usual, was full of suspense, and every day his hopes and fears are recorded, and all his thoughts run in the direction of his labors. Thus he writes:—

"*February 7th.*—The progress of crime, both in amount and intensity, is dreadful! How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why is it that children of the tenderest years are subjected to the fiercest tortures? God give us his Holy Spirit to amend our hearts and lives, for we are desperately wicked—

they who do such things, and we who do not prevent them. Shall I deliver my poor children in the print-works? God be with me!

"*February 9th.*—Brighton. For days, and almost for weeks, I have prayed, in the words of Lot, 'Give me this Zoar: behold it is but a little one.' This day that chapter was read as the first lesson; and then came the reply, 'See, I have accepted thee in this thing also.' I felt it almost like an answer from heaven that I should rescue my children in the print-works, and, like the Israelites, 'I bowed the head and worshipped.' "

On February the 18th Lord Ashley moved, in the House of Commons, "that leave be given to bring in a bill to regulate the Labor of Children in the Calico Print-works of Great Britain and Ireland." Although the subject was much akin to others he had brought forward, and the nature of the evidence was of necessity almost identical, he startled the House, and eventually the country, by the revelations he made as to the condition of these oppressed and almost forgotten children. In earnest and eloquent language he pleaded their cause, dwelling upon every point that could touch the heart of the House and draw forth sympathy to the sufferers, yet avoiding any expression reflecting on the conduct and character of individual print-masters.—*From the Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

She showed the same conscientiousness—I can use no other term—about stealing food. I have come into the dining-room when there were milk, cream, meat, and even fish on the table, and found her sitting on a chair close to it, looking at it wistfully. She would often run out of the dining-room and precede us back to it, mewing. When we were there, her impatience, if hungry, was extreme, and she would claw and pull the cloth so as almost to drag the dishes off. But I never knew her to steal food, except once or twice game, when instinct was too strong for moral sense. This fact, about not Princess alone, but almost all my cats, is so well established that even the servants never resort to the proverbial excuse of "the cat" if eatables are missing or the cream-pitcher is upset.

In her case and that of several others I have been able to carry the notion of responsibility so far as to teach them not to catch birds. I was sure it could be done; for a house cat on a farm (as a rule) will not touch little chickens, and I taught Princess to respect the young robins. Not then being used to cats, I began with measures of needless severity, whipping her and throwing water over her when caught in the act. Of course otherwise I never punished her, a cat's intelligence being too finite and her memory too short for any but instantaneous justice, besides the impossibility of being sure of the true culprit. Having read that, if a bird is taken from a cat, rubbed with red pepper, and given back to her, she would never catch one again, I tried this method. I do not know whether moral sense or an objection to red pepper prevailed, but after Princess was two years old she never caught a bird, though she continue to be a mighty huntress of rats, mice, and ground game. With subsequent cats I used gentler measures. A scolding while showing the bird, and then taking it from them altogether, or a prompt dash of water when they were taken red-handed, have in almost every instance broken them of the habit by the second year. One or two only have proved incorrigible. It has not been possible to teach them to distinguish between wild rabbits and squirrels and moles or other vermin; but probably, with the systematic hereditary training of hunting dogs, they would learn to do so in the course of a few generations. I am the more inclined to think so, because one, Lalla Rookh, the most intelligent of them, had her mind sufficiently roused on the subject merely by serious words and by being deprived of the game, to bring the hapless dead squirrel or rabbit to the house, and lay it at our feet with anxious, questioning glances. But, seeing the difficulty of the task, I gave it up.

Cats do not take punishment as dogs do. Their temper rises, and, if struck, they are apt to strike back; but, beyond a gentle cuff to a kitten now and then, I find a scolding or an exclamation of rebuke enough. They are also less intelligent and forgiving than a dog if unintentionally kicked or trodden on. There is no more beautiful expression in a dog's face than the look he turns to the friend who has involuntarily hurt him, before there is time to explain. His whole demeanor expresses the highest magnanimity, not only the foregone pardon, but the eager desire that the offender shall think no more of the matter.

In many respects cats are more like men and women than dogs are. They have moods, and their nature is complex. A dog is very much of a piece: he is a good dog or a bad dog, brave or cowardly, honest or a sneak. The canine intelligence is much higher than the feline, but the disposition is simpler.

Cats are exceedingly irritable by temperament, sensitive to changes of the weather, to frost, to thunder: they are excitable and naturally disposed to bite and scratch when at play. There is a curious tendency in them, as in ill-balanced or overstrung human beings, to lose their heads when in high spirits, and the self-command most of them show when full grown in resisting these impulses is a striking proof of conscious responsibility. A full-grown pet cat scarcely ever scratches a young child, no matter how much mauled by it. Besides being irritable they are moody and subject to depression, probably a physical reaction from the former condition. Princess, though not a sullen cat, would sometimes forsake the hearth or veranda, and pass days by herself on a garden wall or under a bush, not ill or out of temper, but out of spirits, morbid, and wishing for solitude instead of the sympathy which she always sought in her real ailments and bereavements. Her peculiarities, both of race and individual, were remarkably defined, even when she held them in restraint; but, with one exception, all the cats I have known are captious. Their instinct, when ill or sad, is to be alone; but this is entirely neutralized by petting. They become as dependent on caresses and sympathy as children, and much wiser than children when they are ill or injured, as they apply for relief with the most unmistakable suggestions, sometimes indicating plainly where they are in pain, and presenting the suffering member for treatment. They are not as patient as dogs in taking medicine or submitting to surgical care, but show their recognition of its benefit by coming back for it under similar circumstances.

Want of affection is one of the charges most often brought against cats, but it comes from ignorance of them. They have not the fondness of a dog, and will not, like a dog, remain attached to a master or mistress who is indifferent to or ill-treats them. They have not the general active friendliness of dogs to their human acquaintance in direct ratio to the latter's intimacy with their master, not the readiness of well-conditioned dogs to meet advances and make acquaintance. Cats are shy and reserved, what is nowadays called offish, though some are more amiable and social than others; but they are capable of passionate and lasting attachment to one or two persons.

The difficulty of taking them about makes this exclusive attachment often a source of mutual pain. A pet dog, being generally taken on the journeys of the family, is delighted at the sight of trunks and signs of departure; but the cat who learns to know that she is to be left behind grows melancholy and restless when she sees them. Mine give me so much trouble by their importunity when I am about to leave home that I have the packing done in an unoccupied room, and keep the door shut. In this way I once kept Princess from knowing my plans until the carriage was at the door and the luggage was being put on. She was up a tree before the house when this happened; and, taking in what was going on, as she saw me come out in my bonnet, she rushed down to the ground with a howl of anguish like a cry of physical distress. In my absence she bestowed her society on her master much more than at other times, but, when we were both away, she remained alone, as she never associated with the servants. She had her preferences among them, and would at long intervals pay a short visit to one whom she liked in the servants' hall and the sewing-room, but never stayed more than a few minutes, and this has been more or less the case with them all.

Princess's depression when her master and mistress were away took one very strange form: she did not wash herself. She who was habitually spotless would come to meet us a grimy, greasy, unkempt object whom we could hardly fondle. After the first greetings she would withdraw, and present herself in an hour or two as white as carded wool. She was very sensitive about her appearance, and not without vanity, if liking to wear a bow is any proof. Her mouse hunts carried her now and then to the coal cellar, whence she would return with blackened paws. If I showed them to her and said," Fie, puss!" she retired immediately and did not come back until they were clean; but, if nothing was said, she lay down and licked them at her leisure.

Princess was very young and fond of

play when she had her first kittens, and her favorite toy was a small ball twice the size of a marble, which was kept in a little Japanese cabinet about six inches high, with drawers that opened very easily. One day I found a drawer open and the ball missing, and was puzzled to understand it, until, in shaking her blanket, the ball rolled out. Like many a young mother she missed her amusements, and had fetched her ball, although she could make no use of it in the box. I was astonished at her ingenuity in opening the drawer, and it was some time before I knew how she did it; but at length I saw her insert a claw into the crack, and draw it slowly out. This became a show trick which was exhibited to visitors, and for years Princess would open the drawer and fish out the ball whenever the cabinet was brought.

She had other tricks; as, for instance, catching a ball in the air between her fore paws like a good cricketer, often jumping four feet from the ground to do so. Another was to perch herself on the arm of a large chair and catch her tail in her front paws as it swayed under the arm. As she lashed her tail violently in her excitement, it was difficult for her to catch it, and she often lost her balance in the attempt and tipped headforemost, but invariably swung herself under the arm and up again like a monkey on a bough. Her kittens admired this performance extremely, and, as they grew older, imitated it, with greater or less success, according to the length of their tails.

Nearly all my cats have some favorite trick which they have invented for themselves, but I have never been able to teach them any which was not for their own pleasure and convenience. One of them, M'liss, of her own accord would fetch a ball for me to throw a dozen or twenty times running; but she originated the game herself, and would not bring it once if not in the humor. I taught Czarina and two others to ring a little bell hanging from the knob of the drawing-room door instead of scratching when they wished to come in. Lalla Rookh, who is almost rational, learned at once. I showed her a couple of times, striking the bell with her paw and opening the door immediately, and later, the same evening, she did it herself when I was sitting within, and from that time forward rang regularly. Poor Czarina, her mother, was not clever; and, although as a kitten she had easily learned to put her paw through the open-work door of her wicker house and ring a bell which hung above it when she wished to get out, it was a fortnight before she took in the idea of ringing at the drawing-room. However, when she had done so, she not only rang for admission, but she would ring the bell for whatever she wanted. I taught her Princess's tail game on the arm of the Louis XV. chairs of our apartment in Paris. She learned it readily, and practised it on coming to America on the original armchair, and her kittens in their turn followed her. These and other feats of my cats show ingenuity, and they are more methodical and inventive at play than dogs. A puppy's notion of a romp is a rough-and-tumble affair, while cats and kittens play at hide-and-seek and tag with almost as much plan as children.

But to return to Princess and her affections. The first time her kittens were brought downstairs she was distracted with fear, and nearly swallowed them in carrying them back. So the attempt was not repeated until they were running about the house by themselves. With subsequent litters she made no opposition to their being brought down, and eventually fetched them herself when she considered them old enough. Somebody carried them up for her at ten o'clock every night; and, like most cats, she had so good an idea of time that, one evening when they had been forgotten until half-past ten, she took them herself and put them to bed. When they became able to go upstairs alone, she regularly marshalled them at bedtime and conducted them to the second story. She was a very strong animal for her size, and had great vitality, delighted in being played with, and played with her kittens with a spirit I have seen nothing like since. But there was a marked difference in her fondness for litters for which I could never account. We sometimes fancied that her favorites were stronger and livelier than others, gave her less trouble and more fun.

Once she had but one kitten left, the others having been destroyed, and she showed unusual tenderness for it. The weather being warm, they slept on the lower veranda in a basket, and one morning early I was wakened by a low, continuous moaning. I went down and found Princess crouching on the grass before the house, her paws under her and an expression of stony misery on her face. She paid no attention to me and went on moaning

softly. There was no kitten to be seen; but I sought, and at the other side of the house found a wretched fragment which looked like a bloody handkerchief. I had heard strange dogs in the grounds during the night, and this was their work. I went to the poor cat and tried to comfort her. She gave up moaning, and laid her head against my shoulder; but for two days she refused food, and lay in one place with her eyes fixed on the ground.

Like other cats, Princess gave up the charge of her kittens when they were about six months old. She weaned them in half that time,—a process which many of them hastened by learning to lap milk for themselves. From that time forth she paid little heed to them, and they were given away without causing her much distress: she would look about for them and mope for a day. Strange to say, those of her kittens which remained on the place never lost their affection for her; and, as far as my observation goes, the relations of cats and their young after a certain period reverse the rule that love goes downward.

One of Princess's first litter was a magnificent male, with dense fur and a bushy tail, whom we named the Major, after a handsome military friend of ours, to whom he showed some resemblance in the color of his eyes and carriage of his head. The Major was perfectly good-tempered and friendly, though a great fighter, more gregarious and much less intelligent and individual than his mother. His love for her was a sort of adoration, purely filial, as she never let him forget the weight of her paw on his ears, but as unselfish and solicitous as if he had been the parent, she the offspring. He would crawl along the floor to lick her feet, and, if she had the unwonted grace to bestow a brief kiss or soft pat upon him, he would roll about in transports. If she were ill or in pain, he would sit beside her by the hour licking her head, and at these times she liked to have his sympathy. At others she scarcely showed that she remembered his existence, except during his occasional absences of two or three days, when she was uneasy and restless, looked for him in his accustomed haunts and lairs, inquired for him of us by mews of the most interrogative inflection, and welcomed him back with one of her short kisses like the peck of a bird.

On one occasion she was shut out on a balcony for nearly the whole day. I was out, and, on coming back, while still outside the house, I heard her crying overhead. As the hall-door was opened, Major charged downstairs at a gallop to meet me, gave a sharp mew, and then up again at the same pace. I followed, and found him at the door opening on the balcony, mewing incessantly. When it was unlocked and his mother entered, he rushed to her with manifestations of concern, which she received very coolly.

The Major, when about half-grown, formed an extravagant attachment to a kitten of the next litter,—a not uncommon thing, I found, though I never saw it carried to the same degree. It was like the passion an older child sometimes has for a younger one; but from his incessant hugging, kissing, licking, or fondling he used to be mistaken for the mother, notwithstanding his youth. He could not keep paws off the kitten, and literally slept with one eye open to watch it. When it began to frisk, he became its playfellow, and romped with it so roughly that he caused many a squeal and squeak; but the little thing became so fond of him that it soon preferred him to its mother, and was with him constantly. It developed more rapidly than the rest of the litter in consequence, and grew strong and aggressive, as was always the case in these friendships. New kittens excite interest and amusement in older ones, and even in full-grown cats, who go to the box or basket which serves as nursery, and look at them as grown people look at babies. Even the fathers, if members of the household, go upstairs now and then and look at their small progeny as a diversion; but I never saw them notice the young ones at any other stage, and they repel their advances with soft, clawless slaps.—*S. B. Wister, in Temple Bar.*

BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES.

To James Freeman Clarke.

FEB. 27, 1835.

My dear James,—Last evening Mr. Emerson told me he had a letter from you, and that he wanted to send you "Sartor Resartus," which he has complete in one volume, and he will send it as soon as his other friends have done reading it—it is much in demand. He told me this after the lecture—it was about George Fox. This leader of the sayers of yes and no wearers of their hats was a shepherd and a cobbler. His condition was outwardly dark and degraded,

but he was filled within with spiritual light. And, as he sat at his bench surrounded with bits of leather, shoemaker's wax, swine's bristles, and other rubbish, he conceived the desire of leaving all and going whithersoever this light should lead him; for its spiritual beauty contrasted irresistibly with the ugliness of his lot, and he hoped by it to obtain the freedom and peace which he desired. This newly stricken soul wandered about among churches and conventicles, and found nothing that nourished and comforted it—*only Jesus Christ spake to his condition.* After this a series of truths was impressed on his mind,—truths of different degrees of importance. At ten years of age it was revealed to him that he must be temperate in eating and drinking; at nineteen that, as the old went to the earth and the young to vanity, he must not mix with either: it was made known to him that only Jesus spake to his condition. It was made known to him that God is our Father and all we are brethren; that priests may not be hired, but speak as they are moved, etc.

He was an idealist as he labored to conform the outward shows of things to the inward conviction and impression,—a realist, because he substituted things for forms. The idea which I have not told you, and which was used as the key to the character of George Fox, was that there are principles in human nature which renew the sentiments and ideas of men, and prevent them from getting worn and commonplace. Such, said he, is the passion of love; such, the sentiment of religion,—that is, that these strong feelings are from time to time implanted in individuals more strongly that the results may be fresh and new, and thus arise new sects.

Sunday morning, 28th.—Last evening I was invited by Mrs. Bliss to meet Miss Jackson *en famille*, and I had a very good time. James, I think she is almost equal to Mr. Emerson, though very different,—quite equal if I knew how to rank them,—as remarkable among women as he among men. She is a singular-looking person, and to my thinking very handsome. Her eyes are somewhat like lamps, and the expression of her face is that of a beaming soul shining through. Then, while she talks she thinks, and you see it. Her movements are free and graceful. She is a soaring Transcendentalist. She is full of sensibility, yet as independent in her mind as—who shall I say?—Margaret Fuller.

We saw, too, Carlyle's letter to Mr. Emerson. It was beautiful—just like his books. He tells Mr. Emerson that he has left his home in the mountains and gone to London, for work and bread. That of all the visitors that come to see him there, apparitions now, bringing airs from heaven and blasts from the other place, there were none of so supernal a character as Mr. Emerson, so still and pure. He sent him the "Sartor Resartus," and was delighted with the extravagant eulogium of his response, as he called it. He says, "Now only I truly feel that I have a part and share in the new world; that one bosom beats in friendliness for me there; that I have communion with one mind there." He is surprised that Mr. Emerson tells him that some there are here who can respond to him. "Only one intelligent response have I had on this side the Atlantic," says he, "and his name I know not; and I read it in a letter not addressed to me." He sends one "Sartor" for Mr. Emerson and three others for distribution (one is for you); but he says, as he has two witnesses, he can wash his hands of it and send it forth to the world. Mr. Emerson is going to bring it to me as soon as the others are done reading it who wish to read it, and who are so numerous that he cannot supply them. Now I think of it, F. Hedge thinks of republishing it, and then you can write a review of it and publish it in the *Transcendental Journal* which is projected by the supernal coterie. Well, I shall think of enough to fill another sheet, presently. In the P.S. he says: "Coleridge is dead. How great a Possibility, how small a Realized Result! They are making orations and eulogies about him, *ut mors est.* What hurt can it do?"

Let us return to our lions. Of last night's party —— made one, and, being thrown together, I had some discourse with her, principally about "Philip van Artevelde," the new poem. Have you seen it? I have it, and mean to send it to you shortly. Then we read "The Letter" together, and enjoyed it together, yet our intercourse was not very free; but I do not think she is *quite* unfathomable. It strikes me that I see what is in her. Perhaps I mistake, but I think not. Her sister C.—a younger one—I like very much indeed.

Miss Jackson said she wanted to find "Peter Schlemihl." She had it, and, sending it to be bound with some Unitarian tracts, the binder made a mistake and put them

all into one volume. So poor Peter was pressed down with the weight of these and became lost, "substance as well as shadow." Somebody said, "You must not undervalue Unitarian tracts." "Oh no," said she, "I respect Unitarianism; for we should without it never have had Transcendentalism. That was a foothold." "It was *terra firma*," said Miss Peabody. And so the conversation wended, with alternate merriment and seriousness, as Mrs. Bliss said, "like a mountainous country, sometimes we were on the hilltops, rejoicing in sunshine, sometimes in the deep valleys, darkened by the shadows." This is the way she describes Miss Jackson's conversation.

Then Mr. Alcott came in, and then ensued a discussion about Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," about which they differed much. The idea of a previous existence Mr. Alcott thought proved by the consciousness of his scholars. Miss Jackson thought it is horrible to be responsible for unrepented sins in a forgotten state of existence.

I left this letter here last Sunday morning. That evening I received your letter about the *Examiner*. Dr. Osgood was here, and his good sense took this view of the subject that you four young men did not well consider when you undertook to add to your other labors the onerous responsibility of furnishing two hundred and fifty pages annually, each, to this affair. He thought it too much, that you would shortly find it an oppressive burden and would be obliged to throw it off before long. However, he has undertaken to get subscribers.

For Dr. Channing, Miss Peabody thinks you must write him a letter yourself, and ask him to let his answer be published. That he would certainly do what you desire in that case, but not otherwise; and I wish you would do so. What Peabody have you written to?

Friday.—Last evening we had "Edmund Burke," a most intelligent explanation of his character. He (Mr. Emerson) disclosed why he was both a conservative and a favorer of liberal reform. The teacher of order, peace, and elegance, he wished to preserve the English Constitution, believing that it contained a remedy for every mischief. But his warm feelings prompted him to resist and expose oppression and tyranny. Those philosophers who stay in their closets thinking over principles at last come to think that society had better be disturbed than their notions not adopted, while he who loves his kind and meets every common acquaintance with a smile of hearty good will and welcome respects their peace too much to break it up without good cause. Fontenelle said, "I hate war, for it spoils conversation." But Edmund Burke made the cause of others his own. He lavished himself on them: neither labor hindered him, nor fear, nor pride. The secret of his great power was that he was a philosopher in action. Then came an episode about Bacon which was very fine. Bacon was a great man of the vulgar sort. But I hesitate to censure his great name; for, since Plato, no mind has supplied its fellows with so large a number of those truths which we call philosophy. He saw things before they were out of the doors of their causes. He was the great secretary of philosophy (and ever so much more that I forget).

After the lecture I went to E. S.'s to a small party where were Mrs. B. and her ladies, Mr. Emerson, Prof. Silliman, who has just begun a course of lectures on Geology infinitely more popular than those of Mr. Emerson.

I have engaged to teach Mr. Alcott's young philosophers to draw and have begun. Mother seems to be becoming a confirmed invalid—I fear she is.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

What can be a pleasanter way of spending long winter evenings, or rainy ones in summer, than for the whole family, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, to play intellectual games together? This will *not* make the children idle and frivolous, as a mother once said to me, but will train them unconsciously in habits of observation and reflection, and teach them accuracy in expressing themselves, not to mention the information which may be artfully conveyed in a game. I know a farmer's family that always plays such games while husking corn, shelling peas and beans for seed, etc. The

game lightens the labor, and gives it the character of a frolic.

The old game of guessing objects in the room from the first letter is an excellent one for this purpose. In our family it was played by the starter saying, "He comes! he comes!" usually shortened by the children into "Comsey comes." "What does he come by?" is the response. "He comes by F," or whatever the first of the letter is.

For younger children there is the game of colors. "I see something blue" or "red," any object in sight, indoors or out, being allowed. One of the best is "throwing light," which is played as follows:—

One of the party selects an object and describes it without telling its name. When another player thinks that he has guessed it, he, too, "throws light" on it. One after another the players join in till all have guessed it, and then for the first time the name is mentioned.

Suppose I say: "I will tell you about an article that is used almost universally in all civilized countries. It is used by prince and pauper, by men, women, and children. It is made of several different materials, and ranges in value from one cent., or less, to fifty dollars. I even heard of one which cost five hundred dollars."

Perhaps some one who thinks he has guessed puts in, "It is made of paper, wood, metal."

"No, it is not. You are on the wrong track. It is made of paper, silk, cotton, and linen. It has dried many tears, soothed pain, stopped blood from flowing, and one kind, even when so old as to be discarded, is useful in surgery.

"Oh, I know what it is," says another. "Friends exchange them for holiday gifts; merchants make special arrangements for them in the holiday trade."

"Yes," says the leader, and by this time every player has probably guessed that it is a ———.

Answer next month.

II.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race
Who had a curious dwelling-place;
He had a house all covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since or before.
It was not built by human art,
Of brick or stone in any part,
Of rock or wood, in shop or kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.
'Twas not on heaven, nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth, where mortals dwell.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he lived, and what his name.

III.

CHARADE.

My first a much-used vessel is,
Or means to have capacities;
My second is a heavy load,
And also the prevailing mode;
My whole you'll quickly understand
If I send off you to Switzerland.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

IV.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 3, 22, 7, 20, 14, is a small fruit.
My 5, 15, 19, 11, 24, is an aromatic plant.
My 7, 9, 18, 8, 1, is a blacksmith's tool.
My 14, 12, 6, 1, 16, is a rapacious bird.
My 18, 24, 9, 21, 10, is a planet.
My 20, 17, 22, 2, 23, is a European city.
My 25, 4, 12, 22, 13, is a voracious fish.
My whole is a proverb.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

V.

WORD PUZZLE.

What part of the eye
Shall we always show,
If separated by a blow?

(*Youth's Companion.*)

VI.

A CONUNDRUM WITH TWO ANSWERS.

What is the most afflicted part of the house?

Answers to Puzzles in February Number.

I.—Take counter No. 5, pass it over 3 and 4, laying it upon No. 2. Then take No. 3, pass it over 4 and 6, and lay it upon No. 7. Now take No. 1, and lay it upon No. 4, passing it over 2 and 5. Then take No. 6, and lay it upon No. 8, passing it over 3 and 7.

II.—1. Chicago. 2. Time the clock was fixed. 3. The sailor said, "One has a cross on his breast, the other on his back." The priest didn't know of any difference.

III.—Conundrum. Co-nun-drum.

MONTHLY REPORT.

The fourth regular meeting of the season was held at 25 Beacon Street, on Friday, February 3, with Miss Clarke in the chair Thirty-nine were present.

At the close of the roll-call the secretary read the records of the two previous meetings. The report of the treasurer was read and approved.

Miss Brown stated that during the month of January seven libraries had been sent out, one of which was a new library sent by a new committee. Several more libraries are in preparation, and there are twelve names on the waiting list.

Mrs. Nichols reported that sixteen requests had been received in response to the offer of a barrel of magazines to any one who would pay the freight.

Miss Clarke called attention to the fact that no work that is worth doing can be done without organization. Problems are constantly coming to the committee, and at present we are trying to make the work more valuable by raising the standard of the book sent. To accomplish this we must all work together, and especially with the members of the Library Committee, who are giving much time and thought to this object.

Twenty-seven committees were represented, and four reported by letter. The West Roxbury branch has sent a box containing 176 magazines to North Berwick, Maine.

The Wayland branch now has twenty-seven correspondents, and has sent one hundred magazines in two months.

The Dorchester branch has sent out its ninth library.

The Medford committee is doing the usual work for twelve correspondents, and has a library in Texas.

The Canton branch has had a Cheerful Letter meeting, and, as a result, obtained one new subscriber to *The Cheerful Letter* and two new workers.

The Lowell committee has sent a box of books to Mr. Booker Washington for his new library.

The St. Louis Branch has resumed its meetings which had been somewhat interrupted by the Exposition.

There being no other business, the meeting was adjourned at 12.22 o'clock.

BERTHA LANGMAID,
Secretary.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,— Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,— Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,— Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.